

麻枝准 ~~と~~ ぐとP 敬献
《Angel Beats!》前传
小百合与天使建立共同战线!?

Angel Beats!

エンジェルビーツ

第4话

COLD SUMMER

「死后世界战线」是如何建立的?由动画脚本师麻枝准先生献上,讲述其原委由来的前日谭小说,从小百合与日向为起点的故事,开始将周围人卷入其中——

第3话简介

为了对那个强加给自己乱七八糟人生的神复仇,小百合开始在死后的世界中行动。对于她的暴起行径感到危险性的日向,决意作为她的车闸而跟随她。在激烈冲突的最后,2人加深了同伴之情。在加入大山这个新伙伴,再次确认目标的3人面前,另一个讲和人士出现……

Angel Beats Track Zero Chapter 4: Cold Summer Translated By: Iso & RagnaParadise

Original TL message: This Chinese translation is by hades9053, all rights reserved, etc. Please include this message with any distribution of this file. In order to avoid conflicts with eventual anime subs, all names have been left in Japanese.

Editor note: All instances of “Tenshi” that appeared in the original translation have been changed to Angel, in order to remain consistent with previous releases.

Chapter 4: Cold Summer

The tennis courts were empty when we met in the afternoon.

“Let's kill Angel,” said the armed man.

“There'll be retribution!”

“What did you say?!”

Ooyama flinched as the man gave a cold, hard stare.

“I believe the enemy cannot die. Aren't both sides clear on this?”

“If the injury sustained is supposed to be fatal, she'll be paralysed for a moment.

That was why she had to sit on me before she stabbed me; I wouldn't be able to escape even if she was paralyzed.”

“Wow, you're actually quite smart.”

“Do I look like an idiot to you?”

The gunman faced Yurippe.

“What I meant is that you seem to be pretty reliable.”

“It seems that you haven't noticed the gravity of the situation.”

The man drew closer, and pointed his gun straight in Yurippe's face.

“Don't worry. I understand. I'll carry out your orders.”

Yurippe stood there, with no fear in her eyes.

"You have quite a bit of guts."

The man lowered his gun.

“What do we do after immobilizing her?”

"We'll just bury her alive."

"She's unbelievably strong. Quite befitting of an angel."

"We'll just have to dig a hole deep enough then, with as heavy a load as possible placed on top - that'll keep her down. It's best if we build a house on top and live there; that way, if there's anything wrong, we'll know immediately."

"How would I be able to sleep peacefully knowing that there's someone alive under my feet?" Ooyama protested weakly.

"Good, then I won't let you sleep!"

"How can you do that?! I'll die of exhaustion!"

Hello? News flash: you're already dead...

Whoops. It seems I have the habit of interrupting people now. All thanks to people doing the same to me.

"Quit yapping and start digging! Ten metres deep at the very least. I won't let you sleep until you've finished the work!"

"Te... Ten meters, that's too much..."

I can't agree more.

"Don't worry about how long it'll take."

Right, of course... Time is infinitely abundant.

"So I have to get involved in this too?" Yurippe pointed at herself.

"What, you want me to treat you as a lady? Too bad. You're not my type."

"Oh, that's a pity! Let's go then. Come on people; let's finish it in one day!"

"Ho... how is that even possible..."

With a gun pointed at our backs, Yurippe looked half-resigned as she led the way.

~ ~ ~

The sounds of spades invading the mud underneath our feet had been continuing for an hour, as we dug deeper and deeper. The land was harder than I imagined it to be, probably because students had been stepping on it frequently; we've barely dug a metre.

"Hey Ooyama, whatcha doing?" I turned around and asked.

"Gah... I can't do it, I can't even lift a feather now!" replied Ooyama, as he rested with the spade acting as a makeshift cane.



"Hahaha! I'm the fastest!"

Yurippe was digging vigorously.

"Holy..."

"I can't believe I'm losing to a girl. Am I that weak--- hey, wait a second!"

"What?"

Yurippe stood up and looked at me
questioningly.

"Why are we digging one hole each?"

"I thought you wanted to have a contest
on who the fastest digger is!"

"But I didn't say we had to dig a 10-
metre hole each! It's pointless to have
the other two holes!"

"Oh, you've just realised?"

"If you already did, why didn't you tell us?"

"Seems like you're quite an idiot too..."

"Never crossed my mind," Yurippe blurted. "Whose fault do you think this is, huh? Everyone looked so gloomy and annoyed, as a leader I was only trying to raise everybody's spirits, don't you see?"

"Yes, I finally understand *why* after your explanation."

"Fine then, come over here. Let's start working on this one." Yurippe pointed at her feet with spade. I had no choice but to put up with it.

"Let's go, Ooyama!"

"Wait, so I've just wasted my energy? Just like that?"

"Just like that!"

"That's not for you to say."

"But it's your fault! You reap what you sow!"

"How can this be happening?!"

Grudgingly, Ooyama and I dragged our bodies over to Yurippe.

The whole she dug was definitely deeper, but the diameter was only the size of a basketball.

"It's too small... I think we should continue working on mine to increase efficiency."

"Excuse me?"

"Why're you looking at me like that? Are you saying we should continue working on yours even if it's going to take us forever?"

"Of course!"

"Still, we should make the hole larger first," Ooyama said.

"Don't worry about the width. As long as it's enough to stuff the council president inside, it should be okay."

"Is this some kind of a breakthrough for burying people alive? Whatever it is, how is this supposed to fit the three of us if we want to dig 10 metres deep?"

"Of course I know that! I just wanted to test how much energy you guys have left. Okay, let's proceed with Project Hole Enlargement! One, two, three, go!"

Bonk!

Our heads collided.

"Ouch! Stop getting in my way!"

"It's your fault. It's obvious this is going to be a problem if three spades are used to dig one hole at the same time."

"Fine then, I'll watch for now, you guys go ahead and dig!"

"And who was the person responsible for this in the first place?"

"Whatever, go on Hinata-kun!"

"Darn it..."

As I was complaining, it suddenly hit me that the man was still nearby.

I was surprised the man didn't say a word as we were doing such a sloppy job digging.

He was walking around a cliff, admiring the sunset.

I couldn't see his face as the sun was too bright.

Even from this distance, one thing's for sure: the gun, gleaming from the sunlight, was still gripped tightly in his hand.

It was not long before the sun completely set. Ooyama was already on his knees, groaning: "I'm out of energy... I'm so darn hungry!"

The hole was already as deep as my height.

"At the very least, we should be allowed to eat, right?"

"Shhhh..."

Yurippe was standing on top. She put her index finger at her lips, signalling silence.

Hey wait, when did Ooyama and I become her slaves anyway? Come over and help us too! Darnit!

On a slightly unrelated note, because of the wind blowing in my direction from her side, I could just slightly see that she was wearing white panties underneath her skirt. It was something not worth mentioning anyway, so I kept quiet.

"What's up?" I whispered.

"He dozed off."

"Oh... Perfect."

I put down the spade and climbed out of the hole.

"I'll go steal the gun from him."

"Good idea."

"How 'bout me?" whispered Ooyama.

"Just stay here."

As we left him behind, Yurippe and I carefully climbed up the hill. Maybe it's just me, but even stepping on the grass made loud noises.



In the silence, the guy was sleeping soundly, leaning against the tree.

It seems that he was completely exhausted himself.

His grip on the gun has loosened too. So light, in fact, that Yurippe only needed very small nudges to get the gun.

Yurippe spun the gun and hit

the man's head with its butt.

"Hey you, wake up. We've

just turned the tables."

The man opened his eyes
slightly, apparently still a bit
light-headed.

"... That was a wonderful
dream..."

"Really? Too bad for you then, I'm kicking you to hell."

"... Can I meet her there in her utopia..."

Did the wires in his brain get entangled when he was sleeping?

"What are you talking about? Utopias are created by people, with their bare hands!"

"Right... Nicely said..."

"I'm the leader around here. From now on you'll listen to what I say and obey my orders."

"How is that a threat? We won't die here."

"Then I'll let you have a taste of death. You've tried it once before, no? Would you want another go at it?"

"Nah, you be my guest. Let me teach you a lesson so that you will never try this again."

I was wondering why the guy had a weird sense of serenity, just before I noticed what was going on.

He was aiming at Yurippe with another gun.

He had a gun in his hand once more, as if he cloned it from out of nowhere.

He's going to shoot!

I ran quickly at Yurippe, praying I was fast enough...

BAM!—

The sound was dull. The bullet was already on its way.

And it hit me.

BAM!—

Another sound of a gunshot came from my side.

"Hinata! Run! Retreat!"

I felt my hand being tugged, but the pain in the shoulder was excruciating.

The pain made my body tremble, but instinct kept me standing, and soon after, running.

"Ooyama! Retreat!"

"Waaaa! Wait for me!"

We ran towards the forests.

Only when we were under a large tree where the moonlight couldn't even reach, did the three of us heave a sigh of relief.

"Don't worry, it's just a slight scratch wound."

Yurippe said as she looked at the wound on my shoulder.

SLAP!

"OUCHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

That slap on the shoulder was totally unnecessary.

"What in the world happened..." Ooyama asked with concern.

I also wanted to understand the situation, so I quietly waited for Yurippe to speak.

"I got the gun..."

In the darkness, we could barely see the gun that was once wielded by the man.

"... but that reprobate had another one hidden. He then fired at me, but Hinata ran in front of me..."

"Yep, I took the shot."

"And then...?"

"I returned the favour in kind, and then..."

She looked at the foreign object she was holding with a tense and nervous look.

This must be her first time firing with a gun, not to mention firing at a person.

"I had to pull the trigger; otherwise he would fire even more shots..."

Yurippe was explaining more to herself than to either of us. Nobody questioned her for opening fire, and nobody was blaming her for it.

"Where did you shoot him?"

"His waist."

"Well then, he's paralyzed for the moment. From the looks of it, I bought us some time, and I guess it could justify my shooting."

"Yeah..."

"But why must it come to this? We're all human yet we're trying to kill each other..."

"Maybe because things like these exist..." I explained, looking at the gun.

"Great. Now we have two more guns. How was this here in the first place? I don't understand..."

"Maybe he's from a yakuza!"

"And where can you find yakuzas here, huh?"

"Whatever the case is, he's even more of a problem now than Angel. What should we do, Yurippe?"

"....."

If this was the usual her, she would definitely shoot back with a this-is-what-you-should-be-thinking-about reply. But she was just staring at the ground, as though she didn't hear me.

"If the guy was shot, then he should be out of action for a while. Want

to go interrogate him about the guns?" I suggested.

"And what can that solve?"

"We'll know where the gun originated."

"Hinata, you're getting this all wrong."

"What?"

"Currently, the problem is not the threat that the guns pose, or even their existence."

"Then what?"

"What we should be worrying about is how to get him to ally with us in this worst-case scenario."

I was extremely surprised.

We're talking about a person who will shoot without hesitation. What's she thinking?

"That's a bit hard, no?"

Congratulations Ooyama, you've just said something completely redundant. OF

COURSE IT'S HARD. You can probably even say it's almost impossible.

However, this is indeed a challenge. The strategy would be hard to pull off.

"Okay... I want to challenge him to a classic duel. Man on man."

"... HUH?!" echoed Ooyama and I, completely dumbstruck.

"Are you a man?"

THUD! She kicked me.

"Who are you calling a man, huh?" was all I heard before she grabbed me by the collar and stared straight at me face to face.

"When you looked up from the trench this morning, did the area you were secretly looking at have the same dirty body part that you have? HUH?"

She found out?!

"I wasn't peeking! You were the one who stood there in the first place!"

"Hey, hey, I don't know what's going on, but quarrelling now isn't exactly the best thing to do right now," Ooyama interrupted.

"Look, Ooyama-san didn't even notice the opportunity even though he was in the same place as you were."

"Do you really want to argue? Seriously, don't try to flatter yourself. That's not exactly an opportunity. It's an unfortunate incident that you're using to frame me!"

"Hmph, I'm just saying. Is your guilty conscience acting on you now?"

"What did you say?!"

"Hey, hey, I don't know what's going on, but quarrelling now isn't exactly the best thing to do right now."

Ooyama's natural unchanging speech #2 has appeared!

"Hey, you'd better give up if you're thinking of becoming a writer."

"What, you mean he didn't repeat it by chance?"

"Nah, he's just the usual dope."

"Are you for real?" asked Yurippe with a tinge of surprise and exhaustion.

"What, did I say something that surprised you guys so much?"

"You've just repeated your words exactly. This is what you call a copy-paste."

This will never occur in real life; it's just impossible, especially in an interruption."

"Oh. I see. So what's the problem?"

I give up.

I'm guessing Sir Ooyama will continue to unknowingly act as the mediator between Yurippe and me. We can call it Ooyamagic! Now I

understand why he's a sage.

"Speaking of which, what did Yurippe mean when she said she wanted to challenge him to a classic duel?" I asked after calming down.

"It's a fight between two guys with guns."

Hmm, is this fella trying to make me retort with a copy-paste too?

"But, Yurippe is female right?"

Good job, Ooyama. Plainly asking questions to which the answer is obvious, that is where your value lies in.

"That's the point. If a female challenges him, he definitely won't refuse."

"That guy isn't dumb, he'll have something up his sleeves."

"You really are a moron."

Excuse me?

"Guys all think so similarly. I'll beat him at his own game and improvise if needed."

"You have an idea?"

"Yep."

"What is it?"

"Let Angel be the judge."

"..... HUH?!"

Once again I echoed together with Ooyama. Crap, seems like I'm in no position to call him a dope...

"Aren't you hoping for too much?"

"With my verbal skills, of course not!"

Is it really possible?

Yurippe challenging the man, and appointing Angel as the judge...

At dinner time, I sneaked into the canteen alone and grabbed as many

pieces of bread as possible and stuffed it into my uniform. I brought it back to Yurippe and Ooyama after that.

"I bet you went to get some really nice food!"

All I could feel in the darkness was the cold stare that Yurippe was giving me.

"Of course not! I thought about it, though..." I replied, before tearing a piece of bread for eating.



“This feels exactly like camping.”

Ooyama's speech of peace soothed me, and we were all completely relaxed.

Not forgetting the fact that there might be someone cocking the gun in our direction in the darkness.

A sudden spike of fear forced me to check for people behind me. The

darkness was so complete and
engulfing that I wouldn't see an
elephant at all if it were there.

"Just relax, you coward! You can't
die anyway."

"I'd rather not be buried alive."

"Why do you think we're partners,
huh? We've got to believe in each
other!"

"I really want to."

"I wouldn't trust you."

"Are you kidding?"

"Doesn't matter anyway. Our

friendship will last through
everything, just like the stars above
us."

"Well, if you're going to make a metaphor like this, we ARE already the stars above us."

What a conversation. Maybe the three of us can be stand-up comedians after we have reincarnated. While the two of us were talking nonsense, Yurippe was staring at us groggily. On the other hand, I feel much closer to Ooyama as friends as we chatted the time away before we slept.

"Touch me, and I'll kill you."

"Don't worry, even if you're going to kick me in your dreams, I'll still be able to avoid you."

One straight punch to the forehead just before I sleep. How kind.

~ ~ ~

Not long after, the sun shone brightly, and morning has come.

As the first rays of sunlight shone through the tree branches, it looked beautiful, like shimmering waves.

Speaking of which, when was the last time I actually went to the beach?

I stood up and moved around a bit. It seems I've completely recovered from all the pain.

Or, to be more precise, most of it; I could still feel my forehead throbbing.

"Zzzzzzz..."

Yurippe's completely different when she's sleeping. She's definitely cuter and more ladylike.

Judging only by how she normally acts, you would expect her to gnash her teeth and snore loudly during her sleep.

This sleeping, angelic look of hers will seriously lower your index. As to what index this is... well, let's just call it Yurippe's Index. Hmm, is it a good thing? As I thought about it, I kept looking at her sleeping soundly.

Before long, my stomach started growling.

If I woke her up, she'll use it as an excuse to kill me, so it'll be better if I let her wake up herself.

When Ooyama was awake as well, I started to prepare breakfast.

Blending in with the students going to school, the three of us made our way into the campus after the meal.

"Here it is."

"oomf--!"

I crashed into Yurippe who suddenly stopped in front of me. Ooyama followed just behind me, and I became the filling of the sandwich.

"OI, WHAT ARE YOU TWO DOING?! Are you trying to get in my way?!"

I swear, we should seriously consider going into the comedian business when we're alive again.

"Let's go."

Yurippe was the center of attention of strangers as she walked in with the footsteps of a Viking. People must be thinking we're troublemakers.

Ooyama and I had no choice but to follow her.

~ ~ ~

Sitting near the window with the best position in the classroom was a girl. THE

girl.

"Ms Student Council President."

She looked up at Her Highness Yurippe.

"I want to have a duel with the man. Please act as the judge of the duel,"

Yurippe asked.

"Hmm...?" she asked, eyebrows narrowed.

You can't blame her. It's what every other person would do.

"If I lose the duel, I'll obey you."

"And if you win?"

"How about you treat me to a cup of tea in your room back at the dormitory?"

".....?"

Her eyebrows narrowed again.

"What I meant was, I wish to sit down and have a cup of tea with you over at your place. Forget everything that has happened thus far, and coexist in harmony."

So this is what she was talking about when she mentioned her "verbal skills"?

"Will our duel negatively affect you in anyway?"

"Negative."

"Well then, will you act as the judge?"

"On one condition."

"And what might that be?"

"That man will have to come for tea as well if he loses."

"Of course. In fact, I like it."

Yurippe smiled.

Just like that, Angel was tricked by Yurippe's sweet talk.

Right after that, we stormed into the Calligraphy Club's room and readied the brush, the ink and the paper. Yurippe started writing.

Yurippe's handwriting was impressively elegant.

"What did you write?"

She was writing extremely fast, and Ooyama and I were very curious. Other than the words "sports field" and "4pm", we didn't really see anything else. We would be scolded to oblivion if we asked anyway. I waited for the paper to dry before folding it carefully.

"Well then, the only problem left would be thinking of a way to pass it to him."

"I'm way ahead of you."

She dragged us along to the Archery Club training area.

Yurippe then proceeded to "borrow" a bow, and tied the challenge letter to an arrow.

"Whoa. How classical..."

"Well, we can't pass it to him face to face, so we'll just have to make do with it."

"Do you know how to use a bow in the first place?"

"I'll use my brainwaves to control it."

"Good."

"Huh? Really?! Doesn't that sound a bit farfetched?"

You know what, Ooyama, when the three of us are alive again, you can be in charge of the interrupting part of the comedy. Thanks.

The man was still sitting at the place where we last saw him.

"Hasn't he recovered yet?"

"He should have recovered by now. I think he just likes sitting there."

Even someone like me who dropped down from the school's highest floor could move on the second day too.

"Then we'll just have to target the tree that he's leaning on."

Yurippe raised the bow and pulled the bowstring slowly.

Well I'll be! From the looks of her stance, she looks no different from a professional archer.

Slowly... slowly...

As the bowstring was pulled to its maximum tension, she released it.

The arrow flew straight at him at the speed of light.

THUMP!

Right in between the man's eyebrows!

"OI, You've just turned your challenge letter into a suicide note on an arrow!"

"How is this counted as a one-on-one challenge? This is more of an assassination attempt!"

"Mission accomplished. He'll recover in the morning anyway. Let's go," Yurippe said, as if our retorts didn't matter at all.

Just like that, the preparations were done.

The wind was turning cold.

~ ~ ~

As the sun set, Yurippe's shadow extended to the corner of the sports field as she stood in the center.

Speaking of which, what season are we in? Does the cycle of the four seasons still continue after we die? From what my body could tell, it was either spring or early fall. The surroundings looked like summer with a tinge of coldness. What weird weather.

Standing a few steps away from Yurippe was Angel.

She had wavy hair that danced as the wind blew, and she looked gorgeous. It seemed that she was completely out of place.

Ooyama and I stood with our backs on the wall of the school building, observing as we waited for the events to unfold.

"They're not attacking each other from that far right?"

"This area's too big for that with just hand guns."

"Ah, so that's why she chose this place to have the duel."

"Just for your information, what you've just said is too long-winded from the perspective of a writer. Don't do it again, and keep it in mind!"

"It's not like I'm dying to be an author or anything..."

Yurippe seemed like she was talking with Angel. She suddenly smiled; But could it be a humorous conversation if only Yurippe was smiling?

All of a sudden, there was a loud cry from my side.

The man was holding Ooyama hostage with the gun muzzle against his temple.

I thought we had no blind spots since we had our backs against the wall...

Did he jump from above?

I had the urge to look up and see what's happening, but this is not the time to move around.

"Why is Angel here as well?" the man inquired.

"She's the notary for the duel. She's here to judge who the winner is."

"You think I would believe that load of crap?"

"Hey, don't look at me. I didn't know she was going to agree in the first place, either."

It looks like Yurippe and Angel haven't noticed what's going on.

Hmm, or maybe Yurippe already predicted this would happen, so she's diverting Angel's attention.

Then what am I supposed to do?

Think, damnit...

"It's not good if you're seen now, are you?"

".....?"

"You're holding him hostage right now. That's obviously tainting the

fairness of the duel. If Angel were to see this, as the judge, what do you think would happen?"

"Shut your gap... Are you trying to threaten me?" the man cocked his gun at me.

"Fire at me then. The sound of the gunshot would expose you anyway."

The man stopped moving. I'm about to stop breathing soon, just trying to think of a way to tell Yurippe what's going on.

Without a moment's notice, Ooyama's body was suddenly pushed towards me.

"Argh...."

I moved to stop Ooyama's body from falling.

"Thanks a lot, Hinata-kun..."

"Let's see what she's up to," the man muttered to himself, as he walked towards Yurippe, gun in his hand.

Still holding Ooyama in my hands, I looked at him walk away.

Now what, Yurippe...? I bet you already included my reaction in your strategy.

Yurippe and Angel turned their heads around as they noticed the man walking closer.

Yurippe then looked at me and mouthed something.

Are you hurt?... she asked.

Nope, I replied, and gave her a thumbs-up.

... Leave everything else to me.

At least, that's what I believe she was saying. But we're so far apart, it's not humanly possible for me to hear what she's trying to say anyway.

Are you seriously going to ask Angel to help you with this...?

"One."

Angel started to count. It was loud enough for me to hear.

The two of them stepped away from each other.

“Two.”

Step two.

“Three.”

Yurippe and the man were moving away from each other with every step.

“Four..... Five..... Six.....”

Still counting down...

“Ten.”

At the last step, Yurippe turned around and kicked about.

Sand and dust filled the air.

The man was still very calm; he didn't even flinch or move at all.

He coldly turned around and aimed his gun at Yurippe.

We're exposed?!

... Not good!

BAM!

The man fired.

What happened immediately afterwards was unbelievable.

CLANG!

The sharp, piercing sound of metal attacked my ears at the same time.



Angel deflected the bullets with hand sonic.

BAM!

From behind, Yurippe fired back.

This is just...

The perfect combination.

The man finally fell down.

We won...

Needless to say, there were questions left to be answered.

Why did Angel help Yurippe?

"WE WON!" shouted Ooyama happily, running towards her.

I followed suit.

Angel and Yurippe were arguing.

"It was obvious, I won."

"As if. I won."

"You lost. I saved you at the last minute."

"Look again. What basis do you have to say I lost? Or ask the spectators, if anyone of them said I lost, then I lose. Up to you."

"But they're..."

"Yeah! Yurippe won! Long live Yurippe!"

"Yippee!"

With them shouting all about, it's like the both of them are trying to keep Angel from saying anything. Ooyama's just being his usual dopey self, though, but Yurippe's obviously taking advantage of the occasion.

She then gave me a glance that said: "Come over and join in too."

"But....."

"Heh, we won!!!"

"YAHOO!!"

"IRON LADY, YURIPPE!!"

We circled Angel and danced and cheered away. It went on until Angel admitted defeat.

~ ~ ~

"Have a drink," Angel said as she put down the cups lightly.

"This place is so small," grumbled Yurippe.

"You don't deserve to complain."

"Oh~ really~"

My heart melted when I saw Yurippe pouting. What a cute face! The Yurippe Index has dropped once again.

"What did you expect the room to be?"

"I don't know, maybe bigger beds with nicer bed sheets?"

"You can't find that in this dormitory."

Angel's room was almost the same as those in the boys' dormitory. Not much difference of items as well. The only thing that I could notice was that the clothes and books were arranged very neatly.

As I originally had high expectations of the great Angel's room, this came as a slight disappointment to me.

"Hmm, what's this~? Ah~ Pyjamas~ Sooo cute~"

Yurippe was looking around as though it was her own room.

"Mmmm. It even smells nice."

All the best. Don't even try and ask me to give my opinion. I won't smell it.

"Give the orders, and I'll make Angel tell the truth."



That man was standing very closely to Ooyama.

He used his hand to imitate a gun shape, and pointed it at Angel.

Both of his guns were confiscated by Angel, but Yurippe was kind enough not to bury him alive.

"I would not give such a stupid order. Can you smell her other shirts and see if they've the same smell? Fold them and stack them neatly afterwards."

Yurippe then threw the shirt in the guy's face.

"AH!"

Ooyama was scared, but

the man started smiling and
was soon guffawing.
"Hmm! I wonder if Angel

has body odour that

contains poison from
mushrooms?"

That scared Ooyama as

well.

"What an interesting girl.

What's your name?"

"I'm Yuri, but people can call me Yurippe if they want to. How about yours?"

"Just call me Chaa."

"Chaa? What's that?"

"My name, duh."

"Okay. I'll call you Chaa then. So have you smelled it already?"

Chaa laughed hysterically. He then lowered his head into the pyjamas and took a strong sniff.

"What's he laughing at?"

"God knows."

"You're just like my wife."

"HUH-----?!"

Ooyama and I shouted at the same time once again.

"Hey, you're still a high school student right? You're already married?"

"Yes. However, we decided to set off on a journey to look for a utopia that belonged to only the two of us. A utopia that didn't exist in reality... A distant world..."

I could not make out what he was saying after that, as his sentence trailed off into mumbles.

"Why were you two looking for this utopia?"

Yurippe's questions were sharp and straight to the point as always. Hello, pay attention to your surroundings!

"That's because her family wanted us to break up."

"But, you two really loved each other, didn't you?"

"Indeed. We left our friends and family, hoping to be together forever thereafter.

Yet, in the end we were still broken up... And just like that, I was on my own.....

Why?..... I've been thinking all this while..... Yet I can't grasp the reason behind..... just... why.....?"

"There are things you need to do in this world. And you're not alone now, you have me as a leader."

"And us as comrades....."

"If we're drinking beer, count me in."

How could there be something of that sort here? Just as I was about to voice it out, Yurippe simply replied:

"There's alcohol in the science labs."

"Haha..... Hahaha..... Ahahahahaha!"

Looks like she had his funny bone spot on again.

"So similar....."

And once again, he was mumbling now.

"So simple... so insignificant... the things that I used to have... now..."

Halfway through his sentence, he started sobbing. Thanks to Angel's pyjamas, his face was covered fully.

Is he... crying?

"The tea's cold. Let me warm it up."

It seemed Angel noticed the change in atmosphere. She quickly shuffled out of the room with the tea cups.

Yurippe, however, seemed to continue searching through Angel's closet. I noticed she had quite a voluptuous figure.

She suddenly stopped.

“What's up? What did you find?”

“Why is something like this.....?”

Yurippe slowly raised it up for us to see...

----Continued in Chapter 5-----